Pompeii for a day

About 400 years ago, a diary was discovered, it supposedly belongs to Mezzabell, last name unknown, she is to of believed to of perished in the Mt. Vesuvius volcano eruption, we are going to do some forensic tests and cover the scene of her death, we will translate her diary and look into the story...

“No I screamed!” I was witnessing my own parents being be-headed. “Don’t worry Mezzabell” sighed my mother, it was the 1/6/79 A.D, I was about to see the last of my parents. “I sir Charles William the 4th sentence the devil him and herself to a life time in hell for stealing a loaf of bread, the worst crime you can commit, sentencing shall start in 3,2,1, no last word’s shall be said” The razor blade slid down my mother’s neck and then down my fathers, it was even more upsetting because my sweet father had to witness my mother being killed.

As I ran to clear my head, I stopped in the middle of an empty street, I saw Mordacaii, he was my parents best friend, when they wed, he promised them that if anything was to happen to them, that he would take care of me in anyway he could. “I feel the pain too” he told me, he was slowly sobbing away to the sound of the wind blowing threw my hair. Mordacaii was setting out to a small town called Pompeii, I didn’t want to interrupt him so I set along with him. Step by step, we travelled thought the heat, we were low on water as well, which put me in alarm, we were about 12 minutes away from the town when Mordacaii said to me “We won’t die” when we arrived in Pompeii, I was amazed by this giant mountain.

A young girl who looked about the age of 12, came up to me “That’s Mt. Vesuvius” she blabbed, and she even managed to cough up that I could stay with her 4 times a week when Mordacaii said that he has to go fishing, and travelling. I guess you could trust everyone in this small town of Pompeii, nobody seemed to be a murderer in disguise, they were so welcoming, vangle aladash, a woman screamed, it was a celebration.

FURTHER TRANSLATION NEEDED...

Translation Complete:

We danced to the sound of the ground being hit by sticks, it was the party I’d never have again, na, it would last forever!!!!!

This night was soooo fun!!!!

(Technical difficulty – translated: “this night was sooo fun!!!!)

When Mordacaii was out, I got to stay at Shakira’s (The girl who said that it was Mt. Vesuvius, she finally told me her name)

I am dying to tell you what we did exactly that day...

1. I ran over to her house
2. We went nuts and played with our rag dolls
3. I tripped over and so did Shakira!!!
4. We went down to look at the lake but it wasn’t Friday so we couldn’t go in it
5. We came back all wet and muddy because we pushed each other in the lake
6. We woke up Shakira’s dad by being so loud
7. Got a spank for waking him up, I know right, how tough is that
8. Played dolls
9. Had a fight
10. Made up within 16 seconds of the fight
11. Went to sleep
12. Woke up
13. Went home to be with Mordacaii
14. Fell asleep again

We had a really fun day!!

With evidence, we have come to a conclusion that this child was about 12, possibly a brunette and about 5 foot tall.

The next day, the date was about the 18th, yeah, so I haven’t included the days between the dates that I have mentioned, but I’ve been too busy playing.

When I opened the door to find Shakira there, I was amazed, because usually there would be celebrations everywhere, but there was only her, she tugged my arm and pulled me out of my comfort zone.  
it was strange because of everyone being in the street dancing and singing, they were all around the lake, I was worried, I hadn’t seen Mordacaii in a couple of days, I was even more worried now. Shakira yelled something out in Italian, it must of meant move or something because the whole crowd stepped out the way and immediately turned to me.

I took two breathes, took two steps and bust out into tears, there was Mordacaii’s dead body floating in the lake, I wiped all of my tears and suddenly collapsed, I was having a flash- back, I could see my real parents, and Mordacaii in the background, the first time he held me and the first time I cried, I could see Shakira’s mum though, I didn’t understand the connection, after that I saw one last picture, it was him with big bold writing it said “Don’t Cry, Be Strong”

I was strong now, I would not cry ever again, I knelt down, said a prayer and walked away like I was a warrior.

As I ran home, I tripped, but there was nothing in the way, I stared up at the mountain, oh no. “STUPID MOUNTAIN, YOU SUCK AND I HATE YOU” I screamed

I was watching were I was stepping whilst I ran over to Shakira’s house.

Shakira was in her room, I went to the kitchen, to find her mother on the floor, I think she had a heart attack, until Shakira stood in the frame of the door, she wasn’t upset, she was looking kind of angry.

“I know what you’re thinking” She admitted “She never loved me and she never cared about my health, she said that if I didn’t tell you that Mordacaii was dead, she said she’d kill me. I know she killed him, she’s a killing machine” “I thought this place was killing free” I announced, she looked at me like I was insane, she walked away. “you wouldn’t hurt me, would you?” I sighed, by now, her mother was gone, “No” that was the last word I got off her. I guess she still liked her dad, this took my mind off the volcano but as soon as she walked off I was right back on track.

The mountain was everywhere now, and it’s time to face my fears...

When we did the forensic tests we found her fossil, we say that she commit suicide but there culd be other reasons, we are puzzled tough, because on the body, was faint marks that have amazingly stayed on her body, they say “And suddenly, everyone ran for their lives!”

THE END